

# ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

VOL. I.

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From the Anti-Slavery Reporter.

MISS DELIA A. WEBSTER, AND THE

ESCAPE OF SLAVES.

This lady was present at the great Eastern

Convention. At the request of individuals

she was brought forward and introduced

to the meeting. A friend, whose name we

cannot recall, made a statement of some

length on her behalf. This statement

averred that she was an abolitionist and not a

colonizationist; that she was before she went to

Kentucky and while she was there; that while

there she did aid in the escape of slaves—

having on more than one occasion emptied

her purse for the purpose; and that she aided

the escape of the very slaves, on charge of

which she was arrested. The object of the

statement was to reconcile these facts with

certain remarks in Miss Webster's letters and

book—particularly her denial, in Kentucky,

that she was an abolitionist and had done the

things alleged. The plain Saxon of the

explanation was, that her letters were written

for her friends and not for the public, and that

as they knew her sentiments before she left,

and certain equivocal passages were under-

stood, &c., and she assured them of "no

change" in her views, they would under-

stand them, though written so as naturally

enough to deceive her keepers and mislead

the public; and that she was obliged to write

thus in order to get away to her friends.

And on the other point, the explanation was

a play upon the word "seduce"—that she did

not seduce slaves to run away, to be sure,

but only counselled or aided such as were of

themselves disposed to go.

We never saw Miss Webster before; and

we never read her book until on our way from

the Convention—having there brought it,

mainly to lead our minds towards relieving

of her pecuniary embarrassments consequent

on her prosecution. We would gladly aid

her farther. Nothing but claims higher than

all personal considerations should ever lead

us to say, what we now feel compelled to.

We were not a little annoyed with the

explanation as given to the Convention, and

were on the point more than once of express-

ing our condemnation of it. Since reading

the book, we feel bound to say, we hope

we may never hear it again. We pass over all

that might be said about the letters to friends.

We fix only upon her denial of having aided

the escape of slaves. She admits in Boston,

by her friend, that she did it. In her book

and in Kentucky, she denies it. Nor will

we admit for a moment that any play upon

the term "seduce," is to relieve her of the

charge and the guilt of falsehood, in the case.

It is not true, as the explanation affirmed,

that all Miss Webster did in her book and in

Kentucky was to deny the mere act of seducing

slaves. She denied more, as the extracts will

show. And if she did not, she knew right

well that denying that, in the way she did,

was understood as denying more.

Webster republishes the testimony, without

a word of contradiction. After her conviction

she writes to one of her attorneys in strong

censure of the verdict, and p. 57 asks, "Now

sir, has all been done that can be done? Must

I be driven to the last, most mortifying resort

of all, to ask a pardon of the Governor for

an offence which I never committed?"—

And she concludes her letter, p. 58, by af-

firming, that she not only "aims to regulate

her whole conduct—her heart—her affections,

and her sympathies by the laws of God and

humanity," but "has never violated the laws

of her country." Soon after, she petitions

the Governor for pardon. Then she repeats

that she is "compelled to ask a pardon for an

offence of which she is not guilty," and de-

clares unequivocally "that she is not guilty

of the crime imputed to her." Subsequently

she asked for a new trial. In doing so, she

said, under oath, that "she knew no one could

possibly be procured who would swear that

any negroes went in the back with her, or

that she knew anything about them, or was

in any way or manner implicated in their

escape, unless they swore falsely." To add

force to her own, she also procures and pre-

sents the affidavit of Mr. Fairbank, who so-

lemnly swears, "I do know to a positive cer-

tainty, that Miss Webster is innocent of aiding

and assisting Lewis, wife and child to es-

cape." And then to crown all, Miss Web-

ster comes home, writes her book, declares,

p. 83, that up to that time she has "never

yet read any publication issued by the aboli-

tionists," and is "as bitterly opposed to the

idea termed 'Negro Stealing,' as Kentuckians

themselves."

We ask any honest man to read these ex-

tracts—and these by no means give the whole

strength of the case—and reconcile them,

if he can, with the statements made and

the facts admitted in Convention. It is

impossible. Judge Buckner, Governor Ows-

ley, and the other parties clearly under-

stood Miss Delia A. Webster to deny all

participation in the escape of any slaves, and

especially of those in question. She knew

they so understood her. She meant they

should do so. Her language, in the manner

and circumstances of it, was an unqualified

affirmation to that effect. For one, we will

admit of no hidden meanings or play of terms

to explain it away. We will be no party to

any such deception and explanation. Slave-

holders though they be, we say the governor

and others who were appealed to and inter-

ested themselves on Miss Webster's behalf,

when they come to know the facts as ad-

mitted at the Boston meeting, will feel, and

justify, that they were imposed upon and in-

sulted.

We speak strongly. We think the case

demands it—not that we have no care for

Miss Webster, but more for the cause of the

slave and the reputation of the abolition body.

We deem it vital to our hold on the public

conscience, and our whole usefulness in

behalf of the slave, saying nothing of its own

intrinsic obligation, that we maintain, as aboli-

tionists, on all occasions, a character for

truth, above all duplicity and beyond suspi-

cion. The public must feel, and especially

the South, that in all matters coming within

our own knowledge, our character for truth is

rigorously honest and unbending. In exact

proportion as it is otherwise our power of

regard for the slave is gone. Be it, that men

regard us as fanatics and enthusiasts. So long

as they believe us also honest and true, they

will at least respect, and respecting feel us,

but not a moment longer. And we ask, with

deep concern, if equivocations and deceptions

such as those of the present case are to have

our countenance or toleration, how long will

be before our very name as abolitionists shall

be as distinctive of deception and falsehood

as of sympathy for the slave!

any that they were Christians! Such, we be-

lieve, is the only true Christian proceeding

in the present case. Christ does not ask us

to do a deed for him, that we are not ready,

at any time, to confess for him. And we do

not believe that he will thank us for any sym-

pathies for the slave that we are not as ready

to confess as we are to exercise.

We are sorry thus to speak, but we feel

compelled to it. We think the cause of

truth and freedom demands it. We counsel

all abolitionists who have been or who may

be arrested at the South on the charge of aid-

ing the escape of men from slavery to free-

dom, to make a clean breast of it—to conceal

nothing—to deny nothing—to confess all—and

then throw themselves upon a good Provi-

dence and a generous public. Such a course

will command respect and gain deliverance

at the hands of even slaveholders sooner than

any other. At all events, it will best honor

Christ, and ensure the sympathies and aid of

a humane and Christian world.

From the Anti-Slavery Standard.

AMERICAN WOMEN, OR AMERICAN

SLAVES.

Let us speak to the conscience of one, what

will suit the case of a great majority of A-

merican women.

You seem to doubt whether it may not be

wrong in the eyes of Abolitionists, that you

give neither your mind nor your time to the

understanding of the statistics of the Anti-

Slavery question. They might deem it so,

if the devotion of either to that purpose were

necessary. But there is no necessity—no

urgency required. I think you view the

subject too technically, when you suppose it

involves a necessity for statistical infor-

mation. No such thing. No man living in

the pleasant towns of the free States, sur-

rounded by a reading, writing, and cyphering

people, each soul doing exactly what

seems good in its own eyes, all easy in cir-

cumstances, and united in voluntary, civil,

and religious association, for the increase of

their comfort and happiness—need any one,

sitting safely with sons and daughters, nie-

ces and nephews, on knees, in the inviolable

sanctuary of a free home—I say need any

one so situated, know more than that there

are only a few days journey off, and compos-

ing a part of her own race, two and a half

millions of just as deserving people, de-

prived of all these comforts and conveni-

ences, sold, scourged, violated, murdered,

all at the will and mere caprice of others!

Ladies may sit still because they can't see

how, quite inexplicably, or to feel an inter-

est in this question—or because their friends

are like with the South by marriage or

merchandise—or, *in a word*, because they

think common human feeling or

womanly mercy imply something political in

the popular and bad sense of the term; or be-

cause they love their own children and friends

so well, that the sixty children, born every day

into Slavery, must die in Slavery too, rather

than absorb an iota of effort; but there is no

great study needed—no long time required to

comprehend the condition of the slaves, and

to prove that ladies are verily guilty in sitting

quiet while such things are done.

I think you look at the subject in too nar-

row a point of view. It is not black people

that the Abolitionists care about—it is a

wronged, insulted, suffering people; not a

colored man, but outraged humanity; not a

"pious minority," as you heartlessly say in

the plenitude of your prejudice, but helpless,

oppressed infancy. Our cause is the cause

of the weak against the strong, for the preser-

vation of the existence of both; and God do

so to us and more as we are faithful to it.

We are born into the world for a purpose; and

surely self-concentration is not that purpose.

We are here to do good as we have opportu-

nity, to save what was lost; to do to others

to let good and evil pass before one, and make

no effort to feel a deeper interest in good than

in evil. While it is resurrection and new

life to choose the good and cleave to it through

good report and through evil report. It is

the salvation of the soul when

"Freedom's breath

Comes in through ruins—late but not in

vain

Making each blighted place all green with

life again."

There is no need of overcoming any holy

horror one may have of societies—publicity

meetings, or the like. One is not neces-

sarily required to be political—conspicuous

—or anything but really opposed, heart and

soul and strength, to slavery. But one must

do one's duty, and take the consequences.

Your position in society, is made unequivocal

by you. You so conduct that no one can

doubt that you are deserving of the highest

social rank. It ought to be equally clear what

your moral rank is. Is it not your duty to

sustain the highest? You know it is. We

do not demand that you should go out of your

nature and habits, but we think nothing is

wanting but depth of feeling on your part,

to insure your doing even as we.



left, a bribe is held out to the rest to go to Texas! Well, if they will go, all I can say is, Northern farmers, come here and settle. Such land as you can sell in New York and Pennsylvania for fifty, and seventy-five, and a hundred dollars an acre, you can buy here for from three to ten. It is a shame, I say, that this beautiful country, so blessed in climate, and needing so little, only the fertilizing hand of man, should be without people. Here is an old venerable river running past my door, older than the Hudson, now lined with towns and villages—much older than Ohio, (older in settlement and geography, I mean,) but where are the people! For a hundred and fifty miles from Richmond to Norfolk, the first explored river running into the Atlantic Ocean, the home of Powhatan and Pocahontas, and the scenes of the truly chivalrous John Smith—where are the people? Gone, I say, gone to the South and West, the trumpet blowing among them now to go to Texas! Virginia has here depopulated herself to make homes elsewhere. The cry of one set of her politicians is, manufactures that would keep the people here are *nothing*; Texas is everything. Were I a Virginian, I should esteem as worth more on James river, one good white man, than all of Texas, from the Sabine to the Rio del Norte. Why here is Texas all about us, land as cheap as in the distant Texas, and as good."

#### SOUTHERN HUMANITY.

"Immediate measures should be taken by our government to restore to liberty the white children now held in captivity by the Cumaneches. In their marauding expeditions against Texas, this tribe has carried off a number of children, who were spared from the tomahawk and scalping knife only to endure a life of cruel hardship and bondage. The humanity of the American people is strongly appealed to, and in such a cause, the appeal cannot be in vain, nor receive a tardy response. We trust that such instructions will promptly be sent to our Indian agents and military posts on the western frontier, as will expedite the discovery and release of the kidnapped children.—*New Orleans Com. Bulletin.*"

"Liberty to the white children! Why not liberty to the black and yellow children, in the hands of white savages? Why should our government interfere for the liberation of a few white children beyond its jurisdiction, and refuse to do anything for the liberation of the millions of men and women and children, at home, who, to say the least, have as good claim upon its humanity? Or rather, why liberate the one and lend its power to enslave the other? The New Orleans editor is quite tenderly affected in view of these Texan children being doomed to endure a life of cruel hardship and bondage, while he seems wholly unmindful of the thousands of poor children thus doomed within the precincts of his own city, and some, probably, even in his own family."

"The humanity of the American people is strongly appealed to," he says. And pray, has not this 'humanity' been appealed to for years in behalf of the millions of Americans, groaning in worse than Algerian bondage, and all in vain! And has not this same editor sneered at, and denounced these appeals? Why then, talk of making appeals in behalf of the white children of Texas!

Nor if our government was designed to protect the liberty of one human being under its jurisdiction, it was designed to protect all without distinction of color or condition. And no person, of common sense, and common intelligence, can honestly contend, that it is any more the duty of our government to interfere in behalf of the most wealthy and influential white person, than of the poorest and most despised black one in the nation. True Christianity and true humanity are strictly impartial. The action of our government was never intended, by its founders, to contravene those principles, or in any way to depart from them. And he who would counsel such contravention or departure, must be false to all.—*Hampshire Herald.*

GROWING DEVOUT.—Since the separation of the Southern Baptists and Methodists from their Northern brethren, the former have been growing devout. They seem to have waked up wonderfully to the work of the Lord.—Bishop Andrew, for instance, who was suspended for his slaveholding from the exercise of Episcopal functions, has not only exercised them in defiance of the Methodist General Conference, but in a letter recently addressed to his slaveholding brethren, he struts them up to a new zeal for souls. He says in referring to the strifes through which he and his brethren have passed,

"It is now time to stop the overwhelming of these turbid waters, and, in their stead, to bring over the land the healing streams of peace and holiness."

"A writer in the Christian Advocate of this city, reviewing this letter of the Bishop, comments on the above passage as follows:—*'Your time.'* How emphatic that word *'now'* is! Now that the Church is severed, and half her influence lost—now that 'Southern rights' are secured, and a bishop may hold as many slaves as he pleases, let us 'bring over the land the healing streams of peace and holiness.' Really, this reminds me of the pious grocer who, in the morning, beset by his clerk, 'William, have you sanded the sugar?' 'Yes sir.' 'Have you watered the molasses?' 'Yes sir.' 'Well, now come in to prayers!'"

But says the Bishop, "Let us remember that our cause may have been good and our approbation great, and yet we may not be justified." What is this good cause? Slavery, or the Episcopal? neither more or less! Call that good if you will. What was the nature of this "great provocation?" A mild, respectful, but resolute effort to keep slavery and the episcopacy apart. Nothing more or less than that. The little book asks, "What shall be done for the extinction of the evil of slavery?" The bishops' names are in that book. They "earnestly recommend" it. They "wish to see it in the house of every Methodist." That question with the rest of the book they wish read and considered. But let one of these bishops become a slaveholder. The Church protests. Another bishop supports him in his new position. A

convention is called. The Church is torn asunder. Slavery is baptized, justified, and sanctified.

"Hecanahs ring through hell's extended borders, And Satan's self has thoughts of taking orders."

Observe the above is not from an abolition paper, but from the central organ of the Methodist Church of the United States—a paper that four years ago was among the foremost in its abuse of abolitionists.—*Anti-Slavery Reporter.*

#### SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, AT THE ANTI-TEXAN MASS MEETING IN FANEUIL HALL.

You told us, Sir, at the opening of this meeting, that Texas stood on the threshold demanding admittance to the Federal Union. That I understand to be the precise point which our action is to touch. We come to rally our State to meet that emergency; to rouse the people to protest against her entrance.

Your words, Sir, recall to my mind an anecdote of one whose living image looks down upon us from these walls.—I mean, Samuel Adams. When once his wife told him she expected, that day, to come into the family, a colored girl that one of her neighbors had given her,—"not as a slave!" said the high-souled patriot; "if she passes this threshold, she leaves her fetters behind her."

I hail this movement, friends and fellow-citizens, as one of kindred spirit. It says to Texas, standing at our door with her constitutional provisions for Slavery, "Only free women can pass this threshold;—only free men ought to dwell under this roof!"

I anticipate and advocate, in this movement all that energy and moderation, which you, Sir, have invoked; but I confess the difficulty of being moderate, about Slavery, and in Faneuil Hall! (Applause.) It is hard to be moderate here—and as Luther said to Erasmus,

"To tread on eggs without breaking them." It was the word of Wellington to his troops on the eve of Waterloo,—"What will they think of us at home?" We are here, I trust, to put it under bonds, signed, sealed, and delivered to our Senators and Representatives, what we shall think of them at home; what we expect, and what only we will sustain, and if they do not resist the entrance of Texas as a slave State, I hope such a voice will go up to the Capitol from Massachusetts, as shall if necessary, rouse its "very stones to rise and mutiny!" (Applause.)

I come, to-night, with various emotions to sustain the resolutions before you, and I share somewhat in the hope they express. But if it be indeed too late, there still are reasons why I wish to come again and again to Faneuil Hall, to protest against this deed of Texan Annexation. I believe that only in a struggle can virtue live in a land like this, where Slavery is the basis of the nation's constitution and Government of the nation.

Here, as on the Pontine marshes, sleep is death. One of those whose names have just been read to us as examples, has fallen from his high estate, a warning to us not to sit down in the lap of corruption. No, Sir, there is no safety but in battle array—there should be no slumber but on your arms.

I now hold in my hand a letter, part of a correspondence with the Secretary of this Commonwealth, who has just addressed us. It comes from the attorney of slaves in Virginia, fifty in number, the descendants of a woman of color who, two years after the adoption of our Bill of Rights, was stolen from the town of Southwick, in Massachusetts; and now, after the lapse of two generations, each handing down the memory that their mother was free, these, her posterity, ask a certificate of the State of Massachusetts, that the Constitution of 1780 was broad enough to cover the rights of the long forgotten slave of 1782.

God bless the noble hearts that framed it! They rest from their labors, and the blessings of their great work do follow them forevermore! The Constitution they framed in 1780 for the Bay State, in 1845 sweeps fifty human beings from the grasp of the Old Dominion, and places them beneath the broad shield of its own State Freedom. (Applause.)

I commend the example of that forlorn and enslaved family to the State of Massachusetts, during the darkness of national Slavery, through which she must struggle in order to preserve even her own freedom inviolate. Still, through the long night of forgetfulness to which they were consigned, have they clung to the little thread of tradition that bound them to the Hancocks, the Adamses, and the Otises of Massachusetts; and still, in like manner, let us hand down to our children, by the constancy of our protest, the memory of our freedom's birthright, and swear them upon her altar that they thoughtfully "bide their time," and omit no effort to take, at last, upon Slavery, a freeman's deep and abiding revenge! (Applause.)

I believe there is power in the continual testimony, even of a single individual, to do a mighty work for Freedom. One vote sent Oliver Cromwell to the long Parliament.—Little thought the holder of that vote that his hand was to send Charles Stewart to the scaffold, in front of Whitehall; and, who that stands here to-night can say that his own is not the will, whose expression shall finally turn the chances of the lot? What then will be the moral might of the united voices of a State, in arousing the falling heart of a nation! "Divide the thunder into single tones," says the German Schiller, "and it becomes a lullaby for children; but pour it forth in one quick peal, and the royal sound shall shake the heavens!"

So shall it be with this Commonwealth.—Let her pour forth her people's voice in one undivided note of protestation, without waiting till parties practice self-denial, or politicians become brave; moderate I would have it, with you, Mr. President, but most emphatic in its energy; "for the people, like the air, are never heard but when they speak in thunder." Clear, emphatic, and undivided, I would our act might be as to extend and arrest the attention of all Christendom—so that, hereafter, when on the world's highways

we shall see the finger of scorn pointed at the United States with the taunt,—"Behold the Republic hypocrites—the Texan slaveholders!" I would fain have it to reply, "not me!—I come from old Massachusetts!" (Universal and enthusiastic applause.)

I hope much may yet be done to avert the disgraceful catastrophe. The idea of Annexation has come suddenly upon the great body of our people, like the sharp, quick crack of the avalanche to the Swiss peasant, on a midsummer's day; while to those who have long watched the formation and the decline of parties, and the progress of political intrigue, it has been the subject of long years of apprehension, till, at length, they could only hope that the mighty fragment might, at least, awaken the North by the shock of its descent.—We have seen the North, meanwhile, engaged in driving Manchester from the market of Canton, in sending ice to Calcutta, and granite to Louisiana;—while the green and gilded snake of Slavery has glided upwards, till from the top of the Capitol it hangs hissing at the noble man below. We have seen the allegory of the muck-rake of Bunyan, made a reality by men of our own times, who suffer the temptation of the sticks and straws beneath their feet, to divert their eyes from the freeman's crown that hangs above their heads. We have seen men spell-bound by the mean magic of place and gain, even while over the mirror of the present, steals the giant shadow of the coming despotism! (Applause.)

But I trust, Sir, we shall gather, in good time, a throng of earnest men, and defeat the project of Annexation in its latest stage.—The throng present at this moment, so densely filling the floor of this hall, in spite of all the fury of the storm without, gives promise that our hope shall not go out in night. I trust the river-gods of the Connecticut, and the sons of our Hawleys, our Ellsworths, and Sedgewicks, will speedily be heard responding to the call now made on them. And when that spirit which first anchored in Plymouth Bay, the stern old heart of Puritanism, its cold high purpose, its remorseless determination, its iron will, girds itself for the conflict with the hot zeal of the fiery South—let who will, tremble, I shall cheerfully abide the result. (Overwhelming applause.)

It is to aggregate that spirit into one united and intelligible voice,—to gather together the isolated opposition of our land, and let it know how strong it is, that we are here to-night. Our work is the work of freedom.—God bless it!—and help us to nurture our children to carry it on!

The history of the past does not discourage me. There is nothing happened that thoughtful men might not have foreseen. When, in the compromise of 1789, the South chose power, and the North bartered right for the certainty of gain, how easy to anticipate the overbearing insolence which would soon mark one party and the truckling and shuffling policy, the "bated breath" of the other. The Roman girl, at the foot of the Tarpeian, asked her traitors—why should we be surprised, that, like her, the virtue of the North lies smothered beneath the very reward it craved?

True, no partial efforts can save us now.—The slave power is and always has been, mighty in the land. It has scattered to the winds the mightiest parties—it has laid low the fairest reputations—it has thrown down the bulwarks of Saxon liberty, "overlaid with the hoar of innumerable ages," and now it looks on this last triumph as a check-mate.

God grant that it may overlap itself—and that this effort to rally all honest men to the conflict, may be crowned with complete success. (Loud and universal applause.)

THIRTEEN DAYS LATER FROM THE CITY OF MEXICO.—We copy the following from the New Orleans Picayune of the 9th inst:

La Voz del Pueblo (an opposition journal of the city of Mexico) furnishes the foundation of the report that negotiations are likely to be resumed between the United States and Mexico. It states that in a secret session of the two chambers of Congress, on the 14th of October, the Minister of Foreign Affairs communicated to them that the Consul of the United States, resident at Mexico, had transmitted to him despatches from the Cabinet at Washington, the tenor of which was as follows:—That, desiring to avoid hostilities between two Republics which ought to be firmly united by sympathy and a thousand ties of mutual interest, the Government at Washington was disposed to submit the affair of Texas to negotiation; and that, in order to arrive at a determination of the matter at once reasonable and honorable to both parties, it would send an envoy extraordinary, should the Mexican Government be disposed to receive him.

The Government of Mexico replied that the relations between the two countries being broken, it could not receive the envoy in a public character, but would admit him as a simple private bearer of the message in question, upon the condition that, first of all, the U. S. Government should withdraw its squadron from the waters of Vera Cruz. The minister added, that, without prejudice to these informal communications, the Mexican Government would continue to take measures to protect the nation from a coup-de-main on the part of the United States.

#### N. CAROLINA—BALTIMORE.

James Cannings Fuller, well known by reputation to most of our readers, stopped a day in this city on his return from North Carolina, where he has just been to attend the Yearly Meeting. He gives a most encouraging account of his visit and the state of the cause in that part of the country. He says he never attended a Yearly Meeting in this country, where there was so much said against slavery, and where there seemed to be a better anti-slavery spirit among the members. In this respect he was most delightfully disappointed. Where he expected frowns, he met a cordial reception, and where he looked for opposition he found sympathy.

The state of things in North Carolina he considered much more encouraging than in Baltimore. In the latter place public sentiment seemed, from some indications, to be retrograding. Slave auctions (one of which

he attended and described,) he was told were less repugnant to the people, and the slave-trade obtruded some of its most odious features before the public, without the wonted manifestations of abhorrence. We were not prepared to hear so discouraging an account of Baltimore, and are inclined still to hope, that friend Fuller may be misinformed.—What are the facts in the case, Dr. Snodgrass? Perhaps you can tell us in the next number of your excellent "Visitor."—*Freeman.*

MAN FOR SALE AT THE CAPITOL OF THIS NATION.—"The Daily Union," of Tuesday, the 7th inst., President Polk's official organ, publishes the following advertisement:

"Notice.—Will be sold, at the jail of Washington county, D. C. on Friday the 7th of November, 1845, at 10 o'clock, A. M. a negro man, committed as a runaway, who calls himself John Smith. He is a dark mulatto, about 6 feet high, and about 28 or 29 years of age. Had on when committed, a striped summer coat and pantaloons, a black fur hat, and has other clothing with him, principally home-made. He says he is a slave, and belongs to a Mr. John Smith, who lives in Henrico county, between Petersburg and Richmond. He has a scar under the left eye, and one in the upper lip, and says that his master's nearest neighbor is Mr. John Richardson."

The owner or owners of the above described negro man are hereby requested to come forward, prove him, and take him away, or he will be sold for his prison and other expenses as the law directs.

ROBT. BALL, Jailor, For J. Hunter, Marshal, D. C."

THE AFRICAN'S LOVE OF HOME.—The following beautiful and affecting passage is from the writings of the unfortunate Munro Park:

"The poor negro feels this desire in its full force. No water is sweet to him, but what is drawn from his own well, and no tree has so sweet and pleasant a shade, as the tree from his own hamlet. When war compels him to leave the delightful spot where he first drew breath, and to seek safety in some other kingdom, his time is spent in talking of the country of his ancestors; and no sooner is peace restored, than he turns his back on the land of strangers, hastens to rebuild his fallen walls, and exults to see the smoke of his native village."

#### COMMUNICATIONS.

##### ANTI-SLAVERY A MORAL ENTERPRISE.

Standing on the platform of human rights in a country whose public declaration is that all men are born free and equal, I regard it as a duty to define my position in the anti-slavery ranks. I am an abolitionist on moral principle. I claim it as my privilege and consider it my duty to say and to do all that I honestly can for the destruction of the diabolical system of American Slavery. To do less than this, would bring guilt on my soul, and render extremely doubtful my Christian character. In saying this, I not only pledge myself to each and every one of my anti-slavery brethren who go the same length with me in fulfilling anti-slavery duties, but I also hold myself responsible for all the moral evil that may necessarily follow emancipation on moral principle. It is a sound maxim that in faith and practice, individual responsibility is not lost in voluntary association, civil or ecclesiastical, for what is done by one's agent, is done by one's self. Ecclesiastically, if I am a member of a pro-slavery church, or of one that is in fellowship with pro-slavery churches, I shall be chargeable with the sin of slavery. I shall be contaminated with its guilt, as an accessory whatever I may say or do for the cause of abolition. My influence will be counteracted, it will be a spot on my feast of charity, a stain on my garment which must be washed out, a sin that must be repented of, consequently forsaken. I am aware that by taking this ground I shall be subjected to the charge of infidelity, and with a design of attempting to destroy the church of Christ, under the cloak of anti-slavery. Now does not the attempt to bring such a charge against us, imply that the church is pro-slavery; and the fear of its being destroyed, that it is not owned and sustained by Christ? Let anti-slavery go through the churches with her spirit of reform, and the next generation will rise up and call her blessed. Furthermore, I am not answerable either for the sustentation of the church, or the destruction of slavery.—I am accountable only for the moral character of my words and actions, and the rectitude of the measures I pursue. My concern is with truth and duty. Then if the influence of the church is on the side of the oppressor, or if she takes neutral ground and refuses to rebuke the sin, in either case she will be guilty. How then can I act with her and be innocent? How then can I be identified with her and escape contamination? Perhaps some one will say, you must remonstrate. Suppose I do, and she continues incorrigible! Does not every one see, that having brought a charge against the church, it must eventuate in our final separation unless one of the parties repent?

I repeat it, I am an abolitionist on moral principle. The instrumentality I would wield, is superior, and lies back of the ballot-box. Slavery is an infraction of a law older than the Constitution of the United States, and can never be abolished but by a recognition of human rights. The spirit that breathed the declaration "all men are born free and equal," and then disappeared, must be recalled, or all our legislation will be in vain. When our revolutionary fathers compromised the rights of the colored man for a Constitution to secure the blessings of liberty to themselves and their white posterity, the genius of impartial freedom fled from our shores. She did not stay even to preside over the formation of that Constitution, which makes slave hunting ground of all the northern and western States. Nay, she did not tarry even until the 20 years of slave migration from Africa ended.

That the Constitution of the United States is a pro-slavery document, who can deny? The fugitive slave cannot deny it! The conductors of the underground railway to Canada cannot deny it! The twenty-five members in Congress who hold their seats by virtue of the three-fifths slave representation cannot deny it! The members of the Convention, who refused to vote for the adoption of the Constitution, cannot deny it! Neither could those men who made flaming speeches against slavery when it interfered with their interests in the matter of taxation; but cast a damning vote against human rights, in favor of perpetual slavery, deny it. Hear them.—Mr. Patterson, (of New Jersey) says, "He would regard negroes in no light but as property. They are no free agents, have no personal liberty, no faculty of acquiring property; but, on the contrary, are themselves property, and like all other property, entirely at the will of their master. \* \* \* He was also against such an indirect encouragement of the slave trade, observing that Congress in their act relating to their change of the eighth article of confederation, had been ashamed to use the term *slaves*, and had substituted a description." Mr. Morris, (of Pennsylvania,) says "that domestic slavery is the most prominent feature in the aristocratic countenances of the proposed Constitution. The vassalage of the poor has ever been the favorite offspring of aristocracy. And what is the proposed compensation to the Northern States for a sacrifice of every principle of right, of every impulse of humanity? They are to bind themselves to march their militia for the defence of the Southern States, for their defence against these very slaves of whom they complain." I will call upon the stand but one class of witnesses more—the leading politicians in the free States (so called.) At what period since the revolution, has the prejudice against the cast and color of the African race ceased to be rife? Let the broken up school of Miss Crandall, the destruction of a New Hampshire Academy—let the black laws of Ohio—let the decisions of magistrates in favor of claimants of fugitive slaves—let the negro laws, and the echoes of pro-slavery pulpits, tell the story. In view of a capitulation of this mass of undesirable, though unimpeachable testimony, we cannot avoid (though would to God we could,) the conclusion that the Constitution of the United States is pro-slavery. How then can I vote under it, or swear allegiance to it? My duty to God forbids it. My relation to my robbed and down-trodden brother forbids it. Justice forbids me to strike hands with the robber, and the oppressor of my brother and sister.

My complaint against the Constitution is not that it is obscure or imperfect, but that it is designedly consigns to unmitigated bondage a large class of my brethren, native born Americans, a portion of whom fought in the battle fields of the American Revolution side by side with our sires. Why then deprive them of their portion of the boon? Will the God of justice wink at such hypocrisy, robbery and oppression as this? In what article and section of the instrument, drawn up to "establish justice," is the grant of freedom secured? If the Constitution does not secure freedom to the slave, it matters not what it secures. It is a pro-slavery document, and cannot be sustained with moral integrity.

J. S.

#### DISUNION.

FRIENDS EDITORS:—I send you a copy of a resolution which has been discussed for some two or three months in our Anti-Slavery meetings at Unionville, and which was recently adopted.

Whereas, we believe that the framers of the United States Constitution were not men of their word, but hypocritical in their conduct, and untrue to their profession of the love of liberty; and believing as we do, that moral power is the only means by which the abolition of slavery can ever be accomplished; therefore,

Resolved, That no true Anti-slavery man can consistently act under the present Constitution of the United States by holding any office, the entrance upon which requires an oath or affirmation to support it.

This resolution created much excitement in this neighborhood; some were anxious it should be adopted, others exerted their influence against it. I will give you a brief sketch of the grounds assumed by its opposers, that you may comment upon them if you see fit. They admitted that the preamble to

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the resolution was true, and also admitted that the Constitution in its formation and adoption was designed to be a pro-slavery document, but asserted that by strict construction they could make it Anti-slavery. They contended that it is the people's Constitution that we have nothing to do with the design in its formation and adoption—that it does not require that the fugitive be given up in case he is pursued by the slave-claimant, for there is no service or labor due to his master, and asserted they would assist him in his flight for liberty, and yet not perjure themselves. They also contended that there is no provision therein which requires the quelling of the insurgent slave when he attempts to throw off his shackles—that it is not an insurrection for him to assert the rights which God gave him, and which our forefathers declared were inalienable, but that the slave-claimant is the insurrectionist when he deprives his fellow man of those rights.

As to the three fifths representation, I could not see much sense in their argument upon that article, but it may be that they can.—They told us that that clause which declares that "no person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law," is an amendment to the Constitution which kills, or nullifies the pro-slavery articles.—Thus, say they, if the Constitution of the United States were strictly adhered to, there would not be a slave on the American soil.

R. ERWIN.

Unionville, Nov. 20th 1845.

## ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE

SALER NOVEMBER, 20, 1845.

"I love agitation when there is cause for it—the alarm bell which startles the inhabitants of a city, saves them from being burned in their beds."—Edmund Burke.

Persons having business connected with the paper, will please call on James Burnaby, corner of Main and Chesnut sts.

### THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

"Nothing can exceed the destitution and wretchedness in which millions of these people live. I have been in many of their cabins, and have seen habitations of thousands and thousands of these miserable people, and I can scarcely think that there is upon earth a lower condition of human existence. Certainly the wretchedness of an American slave may often be regarded with envy for its comforts, compared with an Irish Cabin. I have been in these which were mere holes dug into the side of a peat bog, and have put my hand upon the wet and velvety walls, that I might be certain my senses did not deceive me.—In these caves, covered with sticks and straw and sods; without chimney, window, or floor; with a fire of turf slowly burning upon the ground, and filling the place with smoke; without bed, table, chair, or plate, or knife, or fork; with indeed, no article of furniture save a kettle in which to boil their potatoes, and a basket in which to take them up; with no other seat but a bit of dried turf of peat, and no bed to lie down on but a flock of straw, which was frequently shared in common by the children and the pig.—I have found a crowded family, with rags for clothing, that scarcely hid them from nakedness, living from one year's end to another upon potatoes and water, and never more than once a year tasting either bread or meat."

It has been truly said that governments have no humanity, no compassion for the out-cast and the oppressed. Their sole object is to build up their own power, to strengthen their own dominion, and if there should appear to be aught of humanity in their acts, it is to be attributed, not to any kindly feelings, but to policy, which is the life and soul of government. Perhaps no one illustrates the truth of this better than the government of Great Britain. Policy induced her to proclaim freedom to 800,000 of her colored slaves in the West Indies, while at the same time she was crushing to the earth millions in her Eastern dependencies; and in bestowing the boon of freedom upon her chattels in the West, she plundered her own poor of a hundred millions of dollars. While pretending to establish honorable trade and a commerce that should benefit the world, she forced her opium upon the people of China, and slaughtered them because they refused to receive it. She lavishes hundreds of thousands upon her *baby-princes*, and votes tens of thousands for the support of the royal stables; while the scanty pittance which she gives for the education of the people, is bestowed grudgingly and with an unwilling hand. She keeps her drossish nobility in luxury, and robs her laboring poor for their support. She boasts of the contentment of her subjects, but is obliged to surround them with a band of heartless mercenaries to enforce submission. By command of her most gracious Majesty, the chartist is left to pine in his dungeon; and by the course of her ministry, thousands perish for want of bread.

But probably no recent act of the British Government manifests so much systematic cruelty, so much determined oppression, such evident design to crush the spirit of a truly noble people, as does the inhuman & tyrannical policy she has adopted toward the Irish nation. The extract at the head of this arti-

cle is from the pen of Mr. Coleman, and presents a true picture of the suffering condition of the Irish peasantry. They toil unceasingly for a scanty pittance, and of that pittance the landlord and the priest must receive a share. They are strangers to the comforts of life, and they eke out their miserable existence day by day amid sorrow and privation. Their children are reared in wretchedness and want, they are doomed to grow up in ignorance, and probably to entail upon their posterity, the heir-loom of the Irish peasantry—abject poverty—which was all their parents had to bequeath to them. Gaunt starvation is the constant companion of the peasant through life, and at death those who strive to give him an "illigant wake and a decent burial," in order to do so, must make their own condition more wretched, and if possible their own cabins more destitute.

Such is the condition of thousands and tens of thousands of Ireland's suffering poor, and who that has humanity in his bosom does not commiserate their hapless lot? Were we not accustomed to looking upon scenes darker still, upon degradation deeper than theirs, upon sufferings more intense, the sympathies of our nature would be entirely engrossed with the misery of the famishing peasant. But what, we ask, is the poverty of the Irishman compared with the wretchedness of the American Slave? Go, ask the peasant to exchange his rude home, for a southern plantation, ask him to put himself into the power of an irresponsible master, to surrender soul and body to one who may lawfully whip and chain, and torture him, who may burn his face with a red hot branding iron, and hunt him down with savage blood-hounds! Ask him to lay down his humanity, and enroll himself with the brute creation, to give up the right to his own body, the right to the wife of his bosom, and the children of his love! Ask him, if you please, to exchange conditions with the most comfortable, well fed, and well clothed American Slave, and he will deem you a madman or a fool.—He knows that although he is deeply oppressed, and obliged to face all the horrors of poverty, yet he has rights, for the loss of which, he never could be recompensed by food, and clothing, and shelter. He is indeed compared to the slave, a free man, and he feels that it is so. His potatoes and his pig may be taken from him, but the landlord dare not sell his children for debt, dare not seize his wife and dispose of her to the highest bidder, dare not claim him as his chattel personal, and lead him with chains and fetters. If he dies of want or starvation, he dies as a man and not as a brute.

"Better to live in Freedom's hall With a cold damp floor, and mouldering wall, Than to bow the neck, and bend the knee In the prostrate place of slavery."

When we see the bodies of the Irish peasantry mangled and festering from the deep gashes of the whip; when we hear the dismal wailings, and piteous shrieks of helpless victims, naked, stretched and bound with cords, and see the warm blood following every stroke of the lash; when we see them chained to the floor or ceiling, and barely food sufficient allowed to keep body and soul together, so that their sufferings may be prolonged; when we see them writhing under the excruciating pain of the gag and the thumb-screw; when we see them hung up between the heavens and the earth and roasted by a slow fire, without judge or jury; when we see Irish children sold by the pound, and a million and a half of Irish women shut up in one great Brothel, and forced to submit to the unallowable desires of a sodomitical community on penalty of death, then shall we begin to think that the condition of the Irish peasant is as bad as that of the American Slave. When British law stretches out its paralyzing arm and says to the intellect, "thou shalt not expand," says to the mother, for the second offence of learning your child to read, you shall be shot through the head; when maternal feeling, conjugal love, all the sensibilities and affections of the soul are converted into so many barbed arrows that rankle and fester in the heart's core, then shall we begin to think the Irish peasant is as wretched as the American Slave. We would be the last to divert sympathy from the Irish people, for heaven knows they need it, and assistance too, in their struggles for liberty; but whilst we aid them, and make their cause our own; let us be careful to do our duty towards those whom we have beneath our own feet, and whose condition is far worse than theirs.

### SOUTH-WESTERN A. S. SOCIETY.

The Convention which met in Cincinnati on the 18th inst., formed an Anti-Slavery Society with the above title. We understand the field of its operations will be the southwestern part of Ohio, and the adjacent portion of Indiana. Hiram S. Gilmore is President, Christina Donaldson, Secretary, and Wm. Donaldson, Treasurer. We have not received any further report of the proceedings on the occasion referred to.

### BODY SNATCHING.

The citizens of Lake Co. have had a meeting, at which they proposed measures to prevent the violation of graves, and to bring to punishment those who are guilty of the act. They adopted quite a lengthy series of resolutions expressive of their views from which we extract the following:

Resolved, That we hold the man who steals our horses, or commits burglary upon our houses, to get our money, comparatively innocent, by the side of him who plunders our departed friends from the grave, where affection had placed them.

There is a kind of body snatching much more criminal than that to which the resolution refers—which takes not the dead body from out the grave, but thrusts the living one into it. If to steal a dead body be worse than burglary, and stable plundering, what language shall we use to describe the criminality of him who steals the living temple of the Holy Ghost? If to rob us of the comparatively worthless casket from which the Master has removed the jewel be an act of such detestable character, what shall we say of that act which plunders us of casket and jewel both?

### TEXAS.

The opponents of Texas in the East are making a systematic and strong movement against its annexation as slave territory. In Massachusetts they are holding large and enthusiastic meetings on this subject, without distinction of party. They have appointed an efficient committee which convenes weekly in Boston, and are already issuing a journal called "The Texan Chain Breaker, or Free State Rally." In another column will be found an eloquent speech of Wendell Phillips delivered at one of these anti-Texan mass meetings.

Those who design to protest against the annexation of Texas, must do it speedily.—The following or any similar form of remonstrance would answer for circulation, and we hope that every well-wisher of his country will lend his influence in behalf of this measure.

"To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States in Congress assembled.  
The undersigned, citizens of the State of Ohio, solemnly protest against the admission of Texas into this Union as a slave State."

### COMEOUTERISM.

It is an encouraging sign of progress to find that the true-hearted in the corrupt organizations of the land are awakening to a perception of their real position, and manifesting a determination, no longer to strike hands with thieves and robbers, and consent with adulterers and murderers.

The Greenfield Church, whose resolutions we published a few weeks since, continues to recognize the General Assembly as a part of the Church, of Christ, while the resolutions of the Greenfield Church, which are given below, designate that body, as "the foolish work of foolish builders." The former retains its connection with it, the latter, in this respect, a Comeouter. Both profess to be anti-slavery. The one loves sect better than the slave, the other prefers to establish the truth rather than to build up a tower of denominational strength. The position its members have assumed in these resolutions, gives undoubted evidence of their desire to know where, and what is Truth; and where such a spirit prevails we have no fear, but those who are governed by it will ultimately find the right ground, wherever that may be. It is an unusual thing for a Presbyterian Church to take so bold and honorable a stand, and its testimony will be known and felt in every Synod, Presbytery, and Association in the land; startling those who have slumbered in indifference, and warning the denomination of its downfall, unless in the spirit of repentance it wipes out the errors of the past.

At a meeting of the Session of the church of Greenfield, all the members being present the following declaration was unanimously adopted:

After having attentively considered the decision of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, of 1845, on the subject of Slavery, they feel constrained to publish to the church and the world the following resolutions:

1st. "Resolved, That the church of God with all her divinely instituted judicatories 'is built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone,' and therefore a body claiming as the last assembly claims, to be organized and administered, and an agreement with slaveholders that the discipline shall not be exercised on them, to bring them to repentance of the sin of 'Domestic Slavery under the circumstances as it exists in the southern portion of the church,' cannot in consistency with the Scriptures, be viewed as a court of the Lord Jesus Christ, but as the foolish work of foolish builders."

2d. "Resolved, That the discipline which the word of God, and the Constitution of the Presbyterian Church, and our ordination vows bind us to maintain as officers in the Church, is 'the exercise of that authority, and the application of that system of laws which the Lord Jesus Christ hath appointed in his word;' and the offences of which we are bound to take cognizance are 'anything in the principles or practice of a church mem-

ber which is contrary to the word of God, or which, if it be not in its own nature sinful, may tempt others to sin, or mar their spiritual edification;" and therefore the doctrine of the last Assembly that the course of slaveholders shall not be interrupted by the exercise of discipline, is neither more nor less than a shameful proclamation of their apostasy from their own ordination vows, and their hitherto professed regard for the word of God, and the constitution and standards of the Presbyterian Church.

3d. "Resolved, That the doctrine of the last Assembly 'that memorialists who ask for the exercise of discipline for the sin of slaveholding, are to be viewed as virtually requiring the Assembly to dissolve itself, and abandon its organization, and pursuing a course which tends to the dissolution of our beloved country,' is a plain intimation that in future we may expect to be disciplined for the sin of treason, or that the Assembly according to their own showing, for the sake of numbers, are willing to retain traitors as well as slaveholders in their communion."

4th. "Resolved, That holding human beings as goods and chattles, is what the word of God terms man stealing, and the decision of the last Assembly on the subject of slavery, is well calculated to justify the assertion often made that 'the Presbyterian church is a brotherhood of thieves.'"

5th. Finally, "Resolved, That until the decision of the last Assembly is reversed, we cannot take any part directly or indirectly, in the annual organization of that body."

A. B. WILSON, Clerk of Session.  
Greenfield, September 20th, 1845.

### AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.

By the last report of this society it appears that its receipts during the last year from the nominally free States amounted to \$123,000, while the slave States contributed only \$33,000. We think the South rather ungrateful in this respect, for if the Bible sanctions the patriarchal institution, surely the Southern patriarchs should support the Bible. But we suppose they deal alike with all their creditors. Depend upon it brethren, if you don't pay up better, the Bible Society will experience a rapid growth in anti-slavery grace and knowledge.

### LIMAVILLE.

Our meeting at this place was a failure.—The person to whom we wrote to make the appointment had moved away, and no notice of our meeting had been circulated, and no preparations made for it. Under these circumstances we thought it best to make appointments for Sunday, at Friend's Meeting House at Deer Creek, about two miles from Limaville, where in the afternoon and evening of that day we had good meetings. The evening meeting was enlivened by opposition from some Liberty party advocates, one of whom—Isaac Pierce—asserted that Wendell Phillips's reprint of the Madison papers, entitled "The Constitutional pro-slavery Compact," were garbled extracts, said that he had compared them with a copy in his possession, and discovered that "all the Debates on those clauses of the Constitution which relate to slavery are not given, as the compiler declares. It struck us as rather singular that the keen sighted Liberty party lawyers, lecturers, and editors of the East, where this book has been freely circulated for a considerable time past, should have left it to this late day for Isaac Pierce to make the discovery he claims. Having confidence in the careful research and knowledge of the compiler, we could not but believe his assurance that he had given all, in preference to the assertion of Isaac Pierce that he had not, and therefore denied the charge and demanded proof. We told friend Pierce that the columns of the Bugle were open for any corrections he might choose to make, and if he does not speedily bring forward his evidence or retract the charge we shall consider him guilty of willful misrepresentation.

The editor of the Aurora, as an offset to his admitted inconsistencies, refers to acts in other persons which he deems as inconsistent as his own, but which they do not admit so to be. The allegations which he makes, are pretty fully answered in the Disunionist by Wendell Phillips.

### REFORMED PRESBYTERIANS.

A Preamble and Resolutions adopted unanimously by the Presbytery of Illinois of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, held in Princeton, Ia. October 13th 1845.

Whereas, The Church is the light of the world, and whereas, her light in order to be useful to her own members and to others, should shine clear and bright, holding out to the view of all the great principles of Divine Revelation in all their bearings upon man in his individual and social character; and whereas, there is danger that the principles of the Reformed Presbyterian Church on the subject of slavery may be misunderstood—therefore,

1. Resolved, That the Reformed Presbyterian Church is, and always has been the firm and faithful friend and advocate of religious and civil liberty, and the stern and implacable enemy of all tyranny and oppression.

2. Resolved, That buying, selling and holding slaves, as is done in the United States is during rebellion against Almighty God, and a most flagrant violation of the inalienable rights of man.

3. Resolved, That those Churches and Christian professors who apologize for slavery, or are silent on the subject, and do not testify against it, are chargeable with supporting it.

4. Resolved, That it is the special duty of every Covenanter to use all lawful means for the speedy removal of slavery from this land.

5. Resolved, That while Reformed Presbyterians should sustain and encourage all proper measures for the abolition of slavery, they cannot consistently work with the Liberty political party in their justification of and apologies for the Constitution of the United States, which sanctions and supports the evil, and is the great bulwark of American slavery—or in swearing to support this Constitution—or in electing others to do it for them, for the purpose of abolishing slavery, thus doing evil that good may come.

6. Resolved, That the people under our care be and hereby are directed to prepare memorials addressed to the Legislatures of Illinois and Indiana, and also to the Congress of the United States, calling upon these authorities to submit to Jesus Christ the power of things of earth, to receive his law revealed in the Bible as the rule of legislation, and to break off their sins by righteousness, and their iniquities by shewing mercies to the poor.

7. Resolved, That in view of the threatened and impending judgment of Heaven over this guilty land, it is the duty of every covenantor to open his mouth in the cause of the dumb—to pray earnestly and importunately to God that every yoke may be broken and the oppressed go free—that slaveholders and their abettors may be turned from their evil ways—that slaves may enjoy natural and spiritual liberty, and that all the inhabitants, rulers and ruled, may be brought to speedy repentance.

By order of Presbytery,

JAMES WALLACE, Mod.

JAMES FAIR, Clerk.

The advocates of the non-voting doctrine have often been classed with the non-resistants, especially in those localities where non-resistance is as odious an epithet as is infidel among sectarians. Some doubtless do this with a design to prejudice the people against us, others because they see no difference between the two. No one, however, will suspect the Covenanters of being non-resistants, for the many battles which they have fought amid the mountain fastnesses of Scotland in defence of their religion, attest to the contrary, and the faith of the fathers has been handed down to the son. The Disunion resolutions which they adopted as above, were not prompted by their love of non-resistance, but grew out of their hatred to slavery. They appear well to understand the connection of the churches with that institution, and the duty of the Christian professor in regard to it; the character of the United States Constitution, and the position of Liberty party; and in these particulars fully endorse the doctrines of the American A. S. Society, yet are neither infidels nor non-resistants.

FIGHTING FOR A CHURCH.—The Methodists and Baptists at Little Rock, Ark., who used the chapel on alternate Sundays, had a fight for the possession of it a few weeks since. They have rather a summary way of settling matters in that part of the country.

By rubbing red hot iron with the horn of a sheep, it will be coated with a durable and shining black varnish. Mechanics should try this.

### BUFFALO NEWSPAPERS.

PUBLISHED ON THE CASH SYSTEM.  
THE NATIONAL PILOT.  
Daily, Weekly, and Tri-Weekly.

Manchester & Brayman, Proprietors.—W. Haskins, Editor.—Commercial Department by J. C. Bruer.

This paper is new and peculiar. It is the only paper in the United States upon the plan it is conducted.

All others take their European intelligence from the English Press, thus leaving us ignorant of all the continental affairs except what it suits the English interest to detail.

In politics the Pilot looking above and beyond present party dissensions, aims at NATIONALITY; and its motto is—"For our country at all times to approve her when right, and to right her when wrong."

The Pilot's party is the citizens of this Republic, against any and all its enemies.

Locally, the Pilot will especially consult the interests of Buffalo and the great and growing valley of the Lakes, with which the former is inseparably connected.

The Pilot is supplied with regular daily files of the Paris papers of every political party, and will therefore furnish not only the English but the continental news, from both sides, enable its readers to judge more correctly than they possibly can by reading only one.

The commercial department of the Pilot is in fully competent hands, as all will admit, and the market intelligence will be second to no other sheet, either in accuracy or its early promulgation.

TERMS.—Daily paper, per year, \$4 00  
" " month, 0 40  
" " week, 0 10  
Tri-Weekly paper, per year, 3 00  
Weekly " " 1 00  
5 copies Daily, per mail one year 20 00

The Daily Pilot is delivered to subscribers every week-day morning. Subscribers who pay weekly pay at the end of each week. Those who pay monthly or yearly pay in advance. Single copies may be obtained for two cents a copy, either at the office or of the news boys.

To EDITORS.—Publishers of weekly papers who remit \$2, in advance, shall be entitled to an exchange for one year with the Daily Pilot.

Any paper printed west of Buffalo, by copying the above four times, with this note will be entitled to an exchange for one year with the Daily Pilot, on sending a copy of the paper containing this advertisement marked, to this office. Or the publisher may draw on our office for two dollars, in advertising.



# POETRY.

## THE LADY'S DREAM.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

The lady lay in her bed,  
Her couch so warm and soft,  
But her sleep was restless and broken still;  
For turning often and oft  
From side to side, she muttered and moaned,  
And toss'd her arms aloft.

At last she started up,  
And gazed on the vacant air,  
With a look of awe, as if she saw  
Some dreadful phantom there—  
And then in the pillow she buried her face  
From visions ill to bear.

The very curtain shook,  
Her terror was so extreme,  
And the light that fell on the broider'd quilt  
Kept a tremulous gleam;  
And her voice was hollow, and shook as she  
cried:  
"Oh me! that awful dream!

"That weary, weary walk,  
In the church-yard's dismal ground!  
And those horrible things, with shady wings,  
That came and flitted round,—  
Death, death, and nothing but death,  
In every sight and sound!

"And oh! those maidens young,  
Who wrought in that dreary room,  
With figures drooping and spectres thin,  
And cheeks without a bloom—  
And the voice that cried, 'For the pomp of  
pride,  
We haste to an early tomb!

"For the pomp and pleasure of pride,  
We toil like Afric slaves,  
And only to earn a home at last,  
Where yonder cypress waves;"  
And then he pointed—I never saw  
A ground so full of graves!

"And still the coffins came,  
With their sorrowful trains and slow;  
Coffin after coffin still,  
A sad and sickening show;  
From toll exempt, I never dreamt  
Of such a world of woe!

"Of hearts that daily break,  
Of the tears that hourly fall,  
Of the many, many troubles of life  
That grieve this earthly ball—  
Disease and Hunger, Pain and Want—  
But now I dream'd of them all!

"For the blind and the cripple were there,  
And the babe that pined for bread,  
The homeless man, and the widow poor  
Who begged—to bury the dead;  
And the naked, alas, that I might have clad,  
And the famished I might have fed!

"The sorrow I might have soothed,  
And the unregarded tears;  
For many a throbbing shape was there,  
From long forgotten years;  
Ay, even the poor rejected Moor,  
Who mised his childless fears!

"Each pleading look, that long ago  
I scanned with heedless eye;  
Each face was gazing as plainly there,  
As when I passed it by;  
Woe, woe for me, if the past should be  
Thus present when I die!

"No need of sulphurous lake,  
No need of fiery coil,  
But only that crowd of human kind  
Who wanted pity and dole—  
In everlasting retrospect—  
Will wring my sinful soul!

"Alas! I have walked through life  
Too heedless where I trod;  
Nay, helping to trample my fellow worm,  
And fill the burial sod—  
Forgetting that even the sparrow that falls  
Is not unmark'd of God!

"I drank the richest draughts:  
And ate what e'er is good—  
Fish and flesh, and fowl and fruit,  
Supplied my hungry mood;  
But I never remembered the wretched ones  
That starve for want of food.

"I dressed as the nobles dress,  
In cloth of silver and gold,  
With silk, and satin, and costly furs,  
In many an ample fold;  
But I never remembered the naked limbs  
That froze with winter's cold.

"The wounds I might have healed!  
The human sorrow and smart!  
And yet it never was in my soul,  
To play so ill a part;  
But evil is wrought for want of thought,  
As well as want of heart!"

She clasped her fervent hands,  
And the tears began to stream;  
Large and bitter, and fast they fell,  
Remorse was so extreme:  
And yet, oh yet, that many a Dame,  
Would dream the Lady's Dream!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the Pioneer.]

LETTER FROM ONE OF THE

"HUTCHINSON FAMILY."

LEVER ST., MANCHESTER,

Eng., Oct. 16, 1845.

We are now in a city of mills and misery,  
smoke, fog, aristocracy and pauperism. We  
came from Dublin almost on purpose to at-  
tend the great Free Trade Anti-Corn Law  
Bazaar, which opens to-day. We spent three  
weeks in Dublin, which, by the way, (speak-  
ing after the manner of bricks and mortar,) is  
a magnificent city. We found numerous  
friends there, the most whole-souled of whom  
were those well known friends of humanity,  
the Webbs, the Haughtons, the Allens, the  
Warrings, and the Poles. They have done

(God bless them) all in their power to make  
us at home, and they succeeded very well.—  
In our rambles about town, and in the coun-  
try, we saw many things to interest us. Some  
of the scenery on the sea-shore is very fine.  
Jesse thinks that "Daisy Hill" is almost e-  
qual to "High Rock!"—We took a jaunt the  
other day on to the Dublin Mountain, accom-  
panied by our friend John Claxson. On our  
way up called at Col. White's mansion, and  
by permission of the Colonel's lady went in  
to see "eat and inside." It is almost equal  
in splendor, to "Eaton Hall." To give you  
an idea of the furniture, I only need mention  
that a small card table cost three hundred  
guineas,—enough to buy a comfortable firm  
in New England. We sang a song, and left  
the folks "alone in their glory." Went to  
the top of the mountain, and there had a fine  
view of the whole city, and the country round  
about for many miles. All very fine, but  
don't begin with New Hampshire. After feast-  
ing our eyes on the scenes below, and taking  
an extra snuff of pure air, we descended and  
went to visit quite a different kind of build-  
ings from Col. White's. (By the way, the  
Colonel's father used to peddle pins and tape  
through the country.) We visited numerous  
Irish huts where whole families live in one  
small room, say ten feet by twelve, built of  
a kind of mud-mortar, and covered with hay  
and straw.—I wanted to see the contrast, so  
I ventured up to the door of one of these huts,  
and looked in. It had no floor, except a  
three inch surface of mud, and the furniture  
consisted of a straw "bunk," an old table,  
(which couldn't have cost three hundred guineas)  
one chair, two milking stools, a few dishes  
on an old dresser and two pig-troughs.—  
The inmates, a man and wife, two children,  
(an unusually small supply) and twelve or  
fourteen pigs. The man said, very coolly,  
that the pigs were rather dirty things to have  
in a cabin, but he had no other place, and he  
could put up with it because they were go-  
ing to bring him a good price,—and, more-  
over, they were all he had to support his chil-  
dren, and pay the landlord, and the priest!—  
In another cabin was an old man, who said  
he should be a hundred years old next Christ-  
mas, and he didn't know what he should do,  
for he was almost past labor, and had nothing to  
depend upon but his hands. This is a  
sample of Irish peasantry.

We visited O'Connell's house, on Marion  
Square. Had the pleasure of sitting in the  
great chair presented to him while in prison.  
They tell us that we heard one of his great-  
est speeches in Conciliation Hall. He struck  
a great blow against American Slavery at this  
rate.—Frederick Douglass made himself very  
unpopular with the Protestants here for  
speaking at the same meeting, because they  
say that O'Connell is fighting for Catholicism  
instead of liberty and reform. But the old  
man's voice if not his words tell me that  
he is opposed to tyranny, and a friend to the  
oppressed all over the world. I have seen  
him, and I heard him. And I love him.

Next comes father Matthew. A more lovely  
looking man I never saw, and a better  
christian's hand I never grasped. I saw him  
at Kingston, last Sunday week, administer  
the pledge to nearly a thousand people. He  
is doing more for the improvement of the  
Irish people than all the doctors, lawyers  
priests, and politicians together. (Not much  
of a compliment by the way.—Ed.)

There are two poor-houses in Dublin, con-  
taining about sixteen hundred souls each.—  
As a general thing they are, to appearance,  
better taken care of than thousands who live  
in the back streets; but one thing looked too  
much like what I have heard of American  
Slavery. As soon as a man and wife go to  
one of these houses they are separated fore-  
ever, and have no communication whatever,  
except that once a week they are allowed to  
shake hands and chat half an hour or so,  
through a gate. And those inmates who have  
friends out are only allowed to see them in  
this way. For this reason thousands suffer  
most intensely, and many prefer to meet the  
"Phantom of grisly bone," than to be sent  
to the work-house. Americans! be kind to  
the poor Irish who come among you; for they  
are an oppressed people. Let our land be,  
in reality, an asylum for the down-trodden  
Americans can afford to be generous.

The most trying thing to my heart, since  
I have been here, was on board the boat that  
brought us from London to Liverpool last  
Tuesday night. There were about twenty  
cabin passengers, and over a hundred deck  
passengers,—the latter being men, women,  
and children, from one to two hundred hogs,  
a dozen head of cattle, and several horses.—  
They were all on one deck, in separate pens  
divided only by bars. And there poor Hu-  
manity was on a level with beasts,—nay not  
on a level;—for the horses had awnings over  
them, and Humanity had none! Several of  
the women crept over into the horse apart-  
ment and appeared to be very thankful for  
the little surplus of straw which the horses  
did not occupy; most of them, however, were  
in the open air all night. It was quite cold,  
tremendous rough,—and many of the poor  
creatures were sea-sick, while the spray was  
beating over them constantly. In the morning  
they presented a most heart-rending spec-  
tacle. Many of them were Irish peasants  
coming to England with their hogs and pou-  
ltry to pay their rents to Lords who are obli-  
ged to keep a score of servants, and "a coach  
and four," in order to spend their income.—  
This is the way they do up business in this  
country. John Bull is a tyrant, and "can't  
be nothing else." Uncle Sam is a hypocrite,  
because he says he is a republican yet holds  
three millions of colored people in "chains  
and slavery." John Bull wants Uncle Sam's  
territories to help support Mrs Victoria, and  
all the little Victorias—and I believe means  
to have them yet. But if Uncle Sam will let  
his negroes free, in six months, I'll risk all  
creation to move him a hair. I tell you John-  
athan, it is for your present and eternal inter-  
est to let the oppressed go free.

Henry Russell is going through this coun-  
try singing negro songs.

I have just been into the Free Trade Hall.  
It is considered the crack Hall of the coun-  
try. It is, by a long chalk, the tallest get-  
tings-up that I have seen anywhere. It is as  
big as two Faneuil Halls and a half, and will  
hold eight thousand people. It is now well  
filled with a little of everything, and the wo-

men—God bless them every where—are sell-  
ing off things like smoke,—and all goes to  
the support of free trade. The Priests don't  
like this anti-corn-law business because it  
has a tendency to lower their wages. That's  
what I am told. I haven't got into the whole  
merits of the case yet, but so far free trade  
strikes me as the right thing. I go for any-  
thing that will in any way relieve human  
kind.

My love to all Lynn and the whole coun-  
try.

JUDSON J. HUTCHINSON.

## THE SICK PAUPER.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

At all times comparatively helpless and de-  
pendent, childhood in sickness becomes  
doubly so: and hardened, indeed, must be  
the heart that can resist its touching plea for  
compassion and succor. Yet to this extent  
is the heart of man, and of woman, too, har-  
dened by the all-absorbing principle of self-  
fishness. The hireling who is paid for ren-  
dering attentions which are peculiarly the  
office of a mother, sister, or other near con-  
nexion, will too frequently be found faith-  
ful in their discharge only so far as the eye of  
the party holding the purse is upon her, even  
where the charge is the fondling child of  
wealth, and the remuneration abundantly  
larger; but in the case of friendless pauper  
children, for whom a compulsory provision  
is made by law, and a begrudging allowance  
is doled out to the grumbling recipient, for  
undertaking to look after the troublesome  
brat, what can we expect? The official con-  
siderations herself ill-paid, even for the modicum  
of attention that she is obliged outwardly to  
bestow; and the poor aching head is less  
likely to be lulled on its pillow by the soothe-  
ing words of kindness, than to be further rack-  
ed and bewildered, and frightened, by noisy out-  
bursts of sullen ill-humor, and complaints  
of the trouble imposed. The comforts of  
cleanliness, ventilation, fumigation, cool  
drinks, and encouragements to sleep, that in  
other cases are deemed indispensable, must  
not be dreamed of here. Loud tones, heavy  
tramping, slamming of doors, and neglect in  
every possible form, are matters of course.  
Long sickness in a pauper child is not to be  
tolerated; if it does not quickly get well, with-  
out any fuss being made about it, better it  
should die and be done with; more will be  
left than any body knows how to provide  
for.

But there is another class from whom little  
mercy can be hoped; those who having a  
certain quantity of work to be done, and re-  
quiring it to be done within the shortest pos-  
sible time, at the least possible cost, hire pau-  
per children to do it. These employ two  
sorts of machinery in their business: one be-  
ing made of flesh, the other of wood and iron.  
If a wheel or strap becomes entangled, it is  
set to rights by the proper workman; if so  
injured as not to allow of speedy repairing,  
it is thrown by, and a new one substituted,  
to avoid any delay. Just so it is with the hu-  
man department. Why should any differ-  
ence be made? Why should not a child be  
worked as long as it can be compelled to go  
on, with a little occasional quick patching,  
and when it cannot, be thrown into the  
street, just as a broken wheel is thrown into  
the lumber room to fall to pieces?

It is not to be expected that the master's  
profits of a few hundred or thousand per an-  
num, should be decreased to the amount,  
now and then, of one and sixpence, by al-  
lowing a little creature, that has worked it-  
self ill in his service, to lie by for a week  
without forfeiting its eighteen pence, or to  
retain its claim to re-admission on recovery.  
But add to this the fact, that what the child  
earns is not at its own disposal, going to re-  
munerate the person who has charge of it,  
for such food and such clothes as it gets, we  
may believe the lit laborer must be in the  
position of a shuttlecock, struck alternately  
from one battlement to the other, until, escap-  
ing a stroke, it falls to the ground, and is  
trampled into kindred dust.

Our little Betsey Smith's situation is that of  
thousands upon thousands in this land. One  
parent lost by premature death, through mer-  
ciless exaction of labor beyond her strength,  
the other by total desertion, first of his duties,  
and then of his home. It is a small matter  
for whom she toils, or who is to deal out to  
her the very scanty portion of this world's  
goods that falls to her lot. Under a differ-  
ent system—under the protection of Christian  
laws, administered in a Christian spirit—no  
doubt such helpless beings would find a fit-  
ting asylum, where their bodies would be  
allowed to grow, their minds to expand, their  
constitutions to acquire some stamina, and  
their hands to become both active and strong  
for the various burdens and labors to which,  
at a proper age, they might be destined. But,  
alas! as respects the most numerous class  
of her people, the Christianity of England is  
a name, and her boasted laws of equal right  
and privilege are a farce.

Betsey Smith's employer having been  
cheated of the price of toil, not yet perfor-  
med, by the craft of her step-mother, and hav-  
ing had, on the preceding day, a little al-  
tercation with the parish authorities, as to  
their comparative claims on the child's future  
earnings, in which, with much trouble, he  
established his own, might naturally look  
with a suspicious eye on her absence. She  
was perhaps, kept away to work for them  
under pretence of illness; for Joe had been  
ordered to report her sick. After trying in  
vain the effect of cross-interrogation, enforced  
with a few heavy blows (for the "question"  
is sometimes administered in that way with-  
out the superintendence of a grand inquisi-  
tor,) and ascertaining that the boy really  
knew nothing more than he had repeated, it  
was resolved, if she did not appear on the  
morrow, to send Kitty to the overlooker on a  
mission of inquiry.

This woman, indeed, could have borne  
testimony that the little girl was so ill on the  
preceding day, as scarcely to get through  
her work; and that she had even fallen from  
her seat through exhaustion; but the tempta-  
tion of a walk, and a gossip, and a confiden-  
tial office in the eyes of the workhouse peo-  
ple, more than counterbalanced any inclina-  
tion to tell the truth, or any compunction for  
what she was helping to inflict on the inno-

cent boy, especially as no one of the child-  
ren would dare to volunteer a testimony, so  
long as she gave none. Accordingly, at noon  
the next day, Mrs. Kitty puts on her bonnet,  
a warm cloak, and showy apron, and pro-  
ceeds to investigate the mysteries of the  
workhouse. She happens to find at the door  
the very man who had conducted Betsey to  
her present abode; and he, unwilling to be  
kept from his dinner, by starting any diffi-  
culties, tells her at once where to find the  
child; adding with a wink, "You needn't  
say who told you."

The female overlookers of the pin headers  
is not more willing to pay a gossiping visit  
than is the old woman at the pauper child's  
lodging to receive one. They soon became  
very sociable; and after comparing notes,  
relating a variety of concurrent anecdotes,  
they arrive at the conclusion that there is not  
upon earth such another set of plagues and  
torments as beggar-children, nor any class of  
respectable persons so ill-paid and oppressed  
as those who have the charge of them; whet-  
her in a workshop or a domestic institution.  
Having settled this, and partaken of "some-  
thing warm," they mount the stairs, enter  
the long room, and find little Betsey in a  
sound asleep, flushed indeed, and breathing  
painfully, but still in what might be called a  
luxury of rest, compared with anything she  
has known for a long while.

"The lazy little hussy!" says Mrs. Kitty,  
roughly pulling away the clothes that shaded  
her eyes from the light of an opposite win-  
dow in that curtainless room, "there's noth-  
ing the matter with her, I'll be bound."

The rude jar, the harsh voice, at once wake  
the child, and to her terrified sight the ap-  
pearance of her task-mistress, scowling over her,  
is the signal of something worse than either  
words or looks. She starts up in her bed,  
and sits, trembling and panting, with a broad  
stare fixed on the object of her dread.

"O, you're wonderfully brisk, all on a sud-  
den," remarks the old woman of the house,  
"a while ago it was all lack-a-daisy! and  
you couldn't lift your head from the bolster;  
not you!"

"It's all a sham," observes Mrs. Kitty,  
"and she shall smart for it. Indeed, she  
ought to catch it on both sides her face, for  
she's deceived you, and robbed us. Only  
think of our suspecting you for keeping her to  
work, and whipping her poor little brother  
for not telling what he didn't know, poor  
child!"

At hearing this, Betsey bursts into a most  
pitiful cry; her sobs gradually increase in  
violence, till she becomes so convulsed as al-  
most to alarm the two women who stand  
looking at her and at each other, muttering,  
"What's to be done?" At this moment a  
young lad, the parish doctor's apprentice,  
who had been sent to call in on the slighter  
cases, among the paupers, and report, but  
not to interfere further, runs up the ladder,  
and exclaims "Who is in a fit here?"

"It's a fit of passion, sir," answers Kitty.  
The young gentleman feels the pulse, and  
shakes his head. "No, 'tis something seri-  
ous, and she must be bled: fetch a basin,  
my good woman." Then taking out his new  
case of pocket instruments, he adds, "In such  
an emergency as this, I must not be so strict-  
ly attentive to the letter of my directions, as  
a life may be lost. However you need not  
say anything about it; looking inquiringly at  
the old woman; whose grin of acquiescence  
shows that she will lose nothing by indulg-  
ing the young practitioner in a trial of his  
skill on this insignificant pauper child.

But Kitty has more at stake: she is resolv-  
ed to have Betsey back in the shop, in proof  
of her own discernment, and to gain some  
indulgence that she wants, in reward for the  
good service so discreetly performed. She  
therefore says, "I beg your pardon, sir, but  
this girl belongs to us, and is wanted at  
her work. I'm morally sure she is ailing lit-  
tle or nothing; and I can't agree to her being  
bled unless the work-house doctor himself  
says 'tis needful."

"Well, I'm sure I don't care. The child  
is ill and unfit to work, but she is in excel-  
lent hands here. You may call for a draught  
in the evening; till then, my good woman,  
keep her quiet, give her cooling drink, and  
all that." So saying, he ran off.

"Fine work some of them chaps make  
among beggars, trying their hands, when the  
master is away," says Kitty. "I was sorry  
to thwart such a nice young gentleman."  
"I never do, if I can help it," observed the  
others. "They are often as clever as their  
masters, and if they do make a mistake now  
and then, among people that ain't of no con-  
sequence, it helps them to be more skillful  
and careful when they come to practice  
openly."

By this time, Betsey had sobbed herself in-  
to a state of insensibility, and lay quite still.  
The old woman threw the bed-clothes over  
her shoulders again, saying, "There, let her  
be till morning, and I'll send her off to you  
in working order."

Night arrives, and a cluster of shivering  
girls take possession of the cold room. Some  
thing has happened to put the old woman out  
of temper, and their poor supper is served out  
with a double allowance of scolding, while  
an inch only of rush-light is allowed them  
to take up stairs. The girls who sleep with  
Betsey are inclined to grumble at the miser-  
able condition of the bed in which she has been  
tossing all day; but finding her more dis-  
tressed about it than at her own sufferings,  
they kindly bid her not to mind.

Having gathered a party about her, Betsy  
says, "Will you listen to me a bit?" I'd a  
own mammy not long ago, and she died,  
and I think I am going to die too; and I want  
to know where mammy is gone to, now she's  
dead; so can you tell me?"

Various replies were given. One said, "I  
suppose she went into the grave." Another,  
"When a body dies, there's an end to 'em—  
the worms eat 'em up." A third remarked,  
"I never heard such a rum speech." And a  
fourth, "Ghostesses is dead people: they  
come, whiles, and walk, and frighten folks."  
This draws the whole party instinctively  
together; particularly as the last ray of light  
is glimmering in the dirty socket. It expires;  
but immediately a cloud that had obscured  
the full moon also passes away, and from a  
sky of the deepest blue that beautiful orb  
looks out, displaying its broad clear disc di-

rectly opposite the window, and throwing a  
stream of light upon the bed, and the group  
who cower and crowd about it. The sight  
seems to revive in Betsey's mind some long  
dormant recollection.

"I know," she says, "there's more in it  
than that. I used to pray some pretty pray-  
ers once, and I wish I could remember them  
now. Do any of you know my prayers?"

"O yes," was the answer of several voices,  
while some laughed, and a fair little girl half  
whispers, "I often say, 'Our Father!'"  
"That's it!" cries Betsey; say it now, will  
you dear!"

The child settles her face to a serious look,  
joins her hands, bends her knees against the  
side of the bed, and devoutly repeats the words  
"Our Father!"

"Go on," says Betsey.  
That's all: I don't know no more." And  
several of the girls agreed that they used the  
same form of prayer, consisting of the same  
two words, and no more.

"Yes, there is more," exclaimed the sick  
child: "Our Father—our Father which art in  
heaven—that's it! that's it!" and there's more  
too, if I could remember it."

"It isn't true, if I said it," remarks one of  
the girls; "my father ain't in heaven, he's in  
prison, and going to be transported."

"My own mammy is in heaven, though,"  
says Betsey, "and I want to go too, but I can't  
find out any thing about it. O who," she  
adds, in the most touching tone of entreaty,  
"who will tell me and Joey something about  
heaven?"

Poor child! there are many daily passing  
you by in the street who could both tell you,  
and instruct you in the only way to that bliss-  
ed place. But their thoughts are otherwise  
engaged; their zeal has more distant objects;  
and for allowing you to perish in ignorance  
they must answer to Him who said, "Suffer  
little children to come unto me, and forbid  
them not: for of such is the kingdom of heav-  
en."

## A CURIOUS STORY.

An old gentleman in this city relates one  
of the most thrilling romances of real life, we  
ever heard of. In this romance he was a prin-  
cipal actor. Many years ago, in Vermont, an  
insane man suddenly disappeared. No trace  
of his whereabouts could be discovered, and  
many supposed that he was dead. Seven  
years after his disappearance, a person who  
had known him dreamed that he had been  
murdered by a certain family residing near  
at hand, and that he was buried in a certain  
spot. This dream occurred several times,  
and was so vivid, that the dreamer related it,  
and induced other persons to aid him in dig-  
ging at the spot indicated in his dream.—  
They dug and found bones. They also found  
a button and a knife, which were identified  
as the property of the missing man. The fa-  
mily, consisting of a mother and two young  
men, sons, were arrested and imprisoned.—  
The sons, to save the mother, confessed the  
murder. On trial, however, they plead not  
guilty; but were nevertheless, found guilty,  
and condemned to be hanged. The sentence  
was however commuted to imprisonment for  
life in State Prison to which they were sent.  
Soon after the trial, a paragraph appeared in  
the Post of this city, which led the old gen-  
tleman referred to, (who was acquainted with  
all the parties in the affair,) to believe that  
the man supposed to be murdered was alive.  
He set to work, and by dint of inquiry,  
found the insane man on a farm in New Jer-  
sey. He was working on this farm under the  
supposition that it was his own. The old gen-  
tleman addressed him, saying:  
"Don't you know me?"  
"No—never saw you before."  
The old man dropped an English shilling,  
which the insane man instantly clutched.  
"Now," said the old gentleman, "tell me  
who I am, and who you are, and I'll give  
you that shilling."  
The insane man did as required, and pro-  
ved to be the missing individual. He was  
taken back to Vermont; and the two men re-  
leased, of course. The insane man had, how-  
ever, to be exhibited publicly, and to thou-  
sands of people, before they would believe  
that "he was himself."

This story is truth, and can be easily pro-  
ved by a reference to the legitimate records  
of the time. It is a most curious "romance  
in real life," and goes ahead of all the fictions  
ever invented. Why don't some dramatist  
take hold of it!—U. S. Amer. Republic.

## NOTICE

Is hereby given, that a petition will be  
presented to the next Legislature of the State  
of Ohio, praying for the erection of a new  
county out of the following townships in  
Trumbull and Columbiana counties, to be  
called the county of Cass with the seat of  
justice at Canfield Trumbull county, to wit  
Milton, Jackson, Austintown, Youngstown,  
Coitsville, Poland, Boardman, Canfield, Ella-  
worth, and Berlin, in Trumbull county, and  
Smith, Goshen, Green, Beaver, and Spring  
field, in Columbiana county.  
October 31st 1845. 4t—15.

## Anti Slavery Publications

J. ELIZABETH HUTCHESON has  
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